THE SUPERORGANISM THAT PRETENDS IT DOESN'T EXIST

Europe, Systems, and the Beautiful Delusion of Individual Innocence

Europe today behaves like a creature that refuses to acknowledge its own body. It's a superorganism with a bureaucracy for a brainstem, supply chains for arteries, and border regimes for skin. Yet every one of its 450 million cells walks around

insisting they're not part of anything bigger than their own shopping lists. That's the core comedy of modernity: the system evolves like a living thing, while every human inside it swears they're just "minding their business."

The old interwar Großraum thinkers already sensed this dynamic, though their fantasies veered straight into imperial fever dreams. They

wanted an economic continent that didn't depend on global markets, a self-contained "great space" that could resist the volatility of global capitalism. The authoritarian version wanted domination; the liberal version wanted federal harmony. But neither understood the real force driving things: complex systems don't obey ideologies, they obey physics. Energy inputs, resource

flows, logistics, demography —these shape outcomes more than any manifesto.

Fast-forward to the EU, and the ghost of Großraum thinking still lingers, but it's wearing different clothes. Europe acts like a self-contained bloc because the structure demands it, not because Europeans consciously chose it. The internal market needs protection. The currency

union needs stability. The energy grid needs resilience. The weapons industry needs export markets. The border needs to be hardened. Not because of evil intent, but because large-scale systems drift toward self-preservation even when their inhabitants have no idea what's happening.

This is where the delusion kicks in. People insist they are the moral subject of history,

when in reality they're a node in an evolving web. A voter in Copenhagen thinks they're making a personal ethical choice, but that micro-choice becomes part of a continental tendency toward securitization. A French consumer buys a car; this feeds the industrial subsidies that keep European factories globally competitive; those subsidies sustain political leverage in trade wars; that leverage shapes foreign

policy; foreign policy shapes border operations; border operations reinforce the "inside/outside" logic of the bloc. And the individual still thinks they're just "living their values."

The dissonance becomes even sharper when you look at the militarization behind the polite European façade. For a continent that advertises itself as a post-historical garden, Europe sure

sells a lot of guns. Rheinmetall and KNDS don't magically exist because of pacifist poetry. They exist because a system of this scale demands an industrial security ecosystem. You don't maintain an internal market the size of the US without the capacity to enforce and protect it. The EU pretends this is all "cooperation," but structurally it's closer to a soft empire—one that swapped tanks for

regulations, invasions for trade deals, and colonies for supply-chain dependencies. It's domination without the cosplay.

And yet, Europeans rarely see themselves as imperial participants. They think the border violence happens "somewhere else," handled by Turkey or Tunisia or Frontex. Outsourcing becomes the great moral sedative. The system draws its boundaries,

sharpens its defenses, negotiates with strongmen, restricts mobility, sells weapons, shapes global standards—and the average European soul keeps believing in the fairy tale of an ethical, post-national Eden.

The truth is not that people are hypocrites. It's that the psychological scale of modern systems exceeds the cognitive bandwidth of the human animal. A medieval

villager could visualize their entire world. A modern citizen has to hallucinate simplicity, or go insane. So we retreat into personal narratives: my job, my ethics, my politics, my little rituals of goodness. Meanwhile, the system keeps evolving through millions of such small stories, merging them into patterns no individual intends but every individual contributes to.

That's the tragicomic beauty of Europe: a superorganism pretending to be a café of individuals. A geopolitical actor pretending it's merely a moral community. A border empire pretending it's a humanitarian project. A military-industrial bloc pretending it's allergic to conflict. A Großraum that refuses to admit it was ever born.

It's not sinister. It's just

evolution at scale. A whale doesn't know its own hydrodynamics. A bee doesn't know the hive. And a European citizen doesn't know the machine they help steer with every vote, every purchase, every fear, every hope.

The system is alive. The individuals inside it are dreaming. And history keeps stitching the gap between them with the same sly grin it

has worn since the first empire pretended it was just a tribe with better tools.